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PREPARED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF ARTHUR HELPS ESQ.

MOUNTAIN LOCH AND GLEN

ILLUSTRATING

"OUR LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS"

FROM PAINTINGS EXECUTED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK

BY JOSEPH ADAM

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WITH AN ESSAY ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF SCOTTISH SCENERY

BY THE REV. NORMAN MACLEOD D. D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS

LONDON

BELL AND DALDY YORK STREET

COVENT GARDEN

1869

TB.2.17

MOUNTAIN, LOCH, AND GLEN.

BALMORAL,

WITH LOCH-NA-GAR IN THE DISTANCE.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

BALMORAL, LOOKING ACROSS THE DEE, WITH LOCH-NA-GAR IN THE DISTANCE.

LOCH KATRINE, LOOKING TOWARDS BENVENUE.

GLEN OGLE, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST, WITH LOCH EARN IN THE DISTANCE.

LOCH EARN AND VILLAGE OF ST. FILLANS, WITH THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER IN THE DISTANCE.

DUNKELD BRIDGE AND CATHEDRAL.

THE FALLS OF BRUAR.

THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE. VIEW FROM THE COACH ROAD LOOKING TOWARDS THE SOLDIER'S LEAP.

TAYMOUTH CASTLE AND LOCH TAY, WITH BEN LAWERS IN THE DISTANCE.

LOCH KATRINE AND ELLEN'S ISLE FROM THE SILVER STRAND.

GLEN LYON, AND THE RIVER LYON.

ROSSLYN CASTLE AND GLEN.

THE FALLS OF TUMMEL, NEAR THE JUNCTION OF THE TUMMEL AND GARRY.

LOCH TUMMEL, FROM THE WEST END OF THE LAKE.

THE FALLS OF MUICH.

LOCH MUICH BY MOONLIGHT, WITH "THE HUT" IN THE DISTANCE.

LOCH LEVEN AT BALLACHULISH FERRY, AND ENTRANCE TO GLEN COE.

LOCH KATRINE, FROM BEN-AN.

AND thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
While on the north through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare."

Lady of the Lake.

LOCH KATRINE is about ten miles long and two in width. The picturesque scenery, which has made the Trosachs so famous, is continued two or three miles on either side of the Lake at the entrance from the East, and it is principally at this end, in the luxuriantly wooded islands and snow white pebbled bays that circle round the base of Ben-an and Benvenue, that the great charm of Loch Katrine lies. At this fascinating spot only a small nook of the lovely Lake is seen, the smooth untroubled basin reflecting with modulated tints the richly clad slopes and the rocky pyramids which enclose and guard its strand, the bare sterility of the majestic heights above is quite forgotten in the embowered and sinuous recesses of this magic circle.

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

THE QUEEN,

THESE ILLUSTRATIONS ARE,

BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY HER OBEDIENT, HUMBLE SERVANTS,

THE PUBLISHERS.

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PREFACE.

PICTURESQUE scenery taken by photography has not hitherto retained, as might have been expected, those artistic features which render paintings and engravings so pleasing to the eye. The artist engaged on the present work has, however, so far advanced beyond his predecessors as to conquer this defect, and the accompanying pictures are evidences of his success. The publication of Her Majesty's Journal afforded him a fitting opportunity for bringing the fruits of his labours under public notice, and Her most gracious Majesty has kindly consented to its being dedicated to herself.

It will, no doubt, be interesting to our readers to have some account of the process by which the pictures in this volume are produced. Former processes have failed in giving the true effects of light and shade, especially where a variety of objects differently related as to distance, form, size, and colour, have to be portrayed upon a flat surface, and their relations and effects preserved.

Mr. Adam has been engaged for several years in a series of experiments which have resulted in a remarkable success. Finding that the rays of light reflected from the objects themselves failed to give the effects essential to a true artistic representation of nature, he set himself to consider what colours would produce the light, shade and relief required when they are reflected on the sensitive surface of the photographic paper. He painted a sketch of Loch Katrine in certain tones, unlike the view itself as to colour, but from which, when placed before the camera, those rays only would be reflected which give a picture akin to that produced by the painter.

It shows the Queen's keen appreciation for the beauties of natural scenery, that so many exquisite pictures should have been made of the spots which had especially attracted

Her attention. Short extracts from Her Majesty's Diary accompany each plate, which we are sure will not be uninteresting to the reader.

The following Essay (written by the pen of one who is familiar alike with the scenery of Scotland and with that of many other countries, and who, moreover, has powers of appreciation and description of the highest order) will form another, and a most attractive source of interest for this work.

One thing only remains for the writer of this preface to remark; and that is, how peculiarly the inhabitants of the British Islands are blest in the variety of scenery which they possess in their own land; which affords room for such a diversity of culture, of thought, and of pursuit; and which also gives rise to such a pleasing difference of character in the inhabitants of the many very dissimilar districts. There are countries, and countries too of wide extent, in all the four continents, which afford comparatively speaking but few varieties of natural scenery. One is all mountain and valley; another consisting of enormous plains. One nation is isolated from the sea; another luxuriates in bays, fiords, and inlets, and from constant companionship with great waters, has taught Europe to dare the extremest perils of ocean adventure. One people occupies a country which consists chiefly of elevated table-lands; while another scarcely knows of anything but mighty rivers, and occupies ground that is the water-shed of a great continent.

In the British Isles, however, there is no aspect of natural scenery (except perhaps the volcanic) which has not its counterpart. Let a Briton but travel over his own country, and he may see rivers, lakes, plains, and mountains, which, if not as large or as grand as those of other countries, still leave him not uneducated as to some of the most beautiful aspects of almost every kind of natural scenery.

The British Isles, therefore, in this, as in almost everything else, may be considered as the microcosm of the world; and the words of the poet, but slightly changed, may well apply to our country.:—

> To whom this world must aye itself refer,
> No suburb, but a *microcosm* of her.

ON SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF HIGHLAND SCENERY.

PERHAPS if we except the Swiss and Tyrolese Alps, there are no places in the world better known to the traveller or more admired by him than the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. They form a portion of the "grand tour" of those in search of the sublime or the beautiful in Nature. And although thousands every year content themselves with following the beaten track of rail and steamer, yet many sportsmen and lovers of the picturesque from the south and from foreign countries know our inland mountain deserts and lonely recesses as well as the shepherds themselves. Sir Robert Peel, at a great banquet given to him in Glasgow thirty years ago, at once put himself *en rapport* with his Scottish audience, and excited their national sympathy, by saying, "I know the paths from Dalwhinnie to Corryarrick, and from Loch Laggan side to Cairngorm."

Those of my readers who know the Highlands and have treasured up in their memories inexhaustible riches of refined enjoyment gathered from mountain, loch, and glen, may not be indisposed to read with sympathy what may help to recall some of the more characteristic and suggestive features of this scenery, written by one whose only qualification for his present task is his affection and veneration for what has been a joy and pleasure to him from childhood.

It is almost unnecessary to define geographically the district of Scotland called the "Highlands." The Friths of Forth and Tay separate it from the "Lowlands." When the traveller, on a clear day, gazes northward and westward from the battlements of Edinburgh Castle he sees the advanced sentinels of the giant army of Highland mountains that lie beyond. When he journeys to Glasgow by the railway there suddenly bursts upon his view, immediately after passing Falkirk, a wonderfully beautiful alluvial plain, rich in woods as well as in signs of busy industry, ramparted along the north by the Ochills, as it were an advanced line of the Grampian range. This is the very junction of the Lowlands and Highlands. When he sails down the Frith of Clyde, he has to the north, opposite Greenock and onwards, the hills of the true Highlands rolling in beautiful outlines along the sky, and at the Kyles

of Bute rising abruptly from the shore, penetrated by the oft-repeated Highland Loch in all its glory. As he leaves the Crinan Canal he enters at once, through the *dorus more* or great door, the Western Highlands proper, with scattered islands, racing tideways, and distant horizon where ocean and sky meet. The boundary to the east of this Highland tract is marked very nearly by the railway from Edinburgh to Inverness, by way of Aberdeen. What we may call the Southern Highlands lie chiefly to the south of the route from Dunkeld to Oban, by Loch Tay. This district embraces Stirling, Perth, and Dunkeld, with their immediate surroundings, including the Pass of Killiecrankie, with the famous lake scenery of Loch Tay, the Trosachs, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond and Loch Awe, and the river scenery of the Tay and the Forth, all making up the richest and most beautiful of northern landscapes. The line of railway to Inverness by Perth divides again from the Western what may be described as the Eastern Highlands, including those of Aberdeenshire, although perhaps the great Caledonian Valley might more correctly be taken as the line of separation. The islands on the western side, with a deep margin of the coast and mainland, especially from opposite Skye to the Pentland Frith, also present groups of peculiar and distinctive scenery.

Viewing Scottish Highland scenery, we are struck by several features which appear to us to characterise it. The first of these which we notice is its variety.

For example:—in the Southern Highlands, as already mentioned, we have a lake scenery of remarkable beauty. We make bold to say that taken as a whole, it is equal to any lake scenery in the world; and this we assert, having in our mind the scenery of Lakes George and Champlain, in North America; that of Killarney and the Lakes of Westmoreland, and of the still more beautiful Lakes of Northern Italy. In none of these have we witnessed greater beauty than in our Highland "Lochs." These when seen in their best lights, with their wooded islands, the infinitely varied curves of their shore-line, the precipices streaked with white waterfalls, the wild copse-wood, and the mountains piled over all, are unsurpassed. We have, too, singularly picturesque primæval forests of pine, and everywhere the most beautiful clothing of dark copse and birch, and mountain ash; while the mountains present a constant variety of outline, and colours as variable as the state of the atmosphere. Some of the mountains are clothed with grass to their summits, others are bare from the *débris* at their base up to their tortuous seams and jagged peaks. Here are broad glens and winding green straths, cheered by cultivated farms and comfortable dwellings, with moorlands rolling far away their dark and dreary waves of moss and peat; and there are streams innumerable, in little glens full of crystal pools and shadowed by ferns and primroses and drooping moss—streams, too, strong and full-flooded like the Tay, the Dee, the Don, the Spey, the Findhorn, and the Lochy, all alive with trout and salmon, and with their banks clothed with surpassing glory from foliage and flower. And then there are the sea lochs, some of them like sea rivers, worming their way into the heart of the hills, with endless bights and bays, pretty headlands, and winding nooks of loveliness; every loch made alive by the ebbing and flowing of the tide, by the curling seas, by shoals of fish, and flocks of screaming birds. There are, again, the great unknown and uninhabited glens pouring down their storm blasts from silent peaks and corries of nameless hills, which hold

converse with the clouds and changeful mists. And what of the mountain tarns? None but those who have explored some portion of the Highlands can realize the number of those bright eyes, shining in beauty, too minute and numerous to be indicated on any map or in any guide book. What spots there are, too, of unknown beauty, with their framework of lichen coloured peaks, and their great boulders, gnarled trees, masses of blooming heather, and lakelets with their floating ornaments of water lilies,—spots visited only by the wild deer! Then there is the great sea, which contributes so largely to the scenery of the West Highlands, revealing itself in every possible form—sometimes in salt-water rivers, sometimes in calm winding highways between the islands, but most grandly when it spreads its vastness to the horizon, everywhere modifying and connecting the landscape of the earth with the scenery of cloudland and sky above.

And what shall we say of the variety of the coast scenery, whether of precipice or promontory, or of the endless diversity of rocky form in the islands that surround the coast? Some islands are bare and uninhabited, with the remains of an old chapel and its stone crosses and primitive churchyard; others are epitomes of the Highlands, with cultivated lands, extensive sheep walks or deer forests, and lochs and tarns in abundance. Some are low and flat as in the outer Hebrides; others have mountains, like Arran, whose serrated ridges seem as if cut out by the lightning that has flashed and thundered amid their summits. One, Iona, "the Isle of Saints," is alone in its memories; another, Staffa, is alone in its glory.

To fully realize this vast variety of scenery, we have only to climb some central mountain in the West Highlands. We must ascend the green slopes, pass along the sides of the burns, thread the copse or pine wood, and front the precipices and "sevidans," till from the windy summit we scan the inland lakes and tarns, and gaze on the vast extent of hills and on the ocean far away, and on the scattered islands, in order to see how great is the variety of our Scottish Highland Scenery.

Another, and perhaps still more characteristic feature of Highland Scenery, and especially of that of the West, is its *sombre sadness*. This feature is less soothing and tender, and infinitely more dreary than the "pastoral melancholy" of the hills and glens of the Scottish Lowlands. One source of this impression is the unpeopled state of the country—the few signs in it of human activities and enjoyments. In this respect the scenery of the Highlands presents a remarkable contrast to that of more favoured climes, possessing a more genial soil.

Those who have travelled along the Cornice or the Riviera road in Italy, or from Catania to Messina, in Sicily—or, more beautiful than all, the coast from Salerno to Amalfi, will fully understand the kind of influence exercised upon the mind by what we may term the *inhabitedness* of the landscape. They will remember that everywhere human habitations are visible—picturesque villages, with their white walls and spires of churches, occupying elevated plateaus high on the mountain sides or clustering round sheltered bays; while mediæval towers, gigantic ruins, stately monasteries, or less obtrusive but still well marked places of pilgrimage, dot the sides and crown the summits of the hills. Industry adds to these homes of men the rich products of a southern clime. The forests of grey olive or green

mulberry ; the far-spread leafy vines sometimes hanging in luxuriant and graceful festoons ; the shady groves of orange and lemon scenting the air with fragrance or hanging with golden fruit,—these are not only beautiful in themselves but necessarily suggest a people rich in all the means of physical enjoyment.

It is quite otherwise with the Highlands. Notwithstanding the beauty they possess in the forms and colours of the landscape, yet this absence of the cheering liveliness of human beings tends of itself to impart a sombre aspect, as of the withdrawal from a body of its living spirit. Even where human habitations do appear among the hills they seldom attract the eye, as the true Highland hut is like a nook or knoll of heather, absorbed in the general aspect and colouring. As to the sea-side villages —almost the only groups of buildings to be seen—they are generally poor-looking and ugly in the extreme. And then there are districts where the traveller, if sufficiently venturesome, may journey through vast tracts, along almost endless glens, with other glens branching off from them in every direction, and along the shores of inland seas and fresh-water lakes; or he may look all round from a mountain ridge; and may neither see a human being nor trace the hand of human industry. In some green strath, or on some upland breadth of soil deposited by the rain-fall from the neighbouring hills, he may indeed, not unfrequently, come upon scattered ruins of houses where once dwelt numerous and peaceful families. The solitary gables are prudently left standing by the generous landlord, for fear of injuring the grass, and Nature kindly conceals and adorns the ruins with fern and heather. Moreover, the keeps which crown the stormy headland, or guard the once important pass, have long been in ruins, and now seem to fall back into the arms of the rocks and hills for sympathy. Few baronial halls of feudal chiefs are left to represent them now, or to link the landscape with the past by any sign of life or power. All is dead!

As contributing to this sombre sadness, we must also add the general colouring of the landscape, and the ordinary state of the atmosphere. There is, generally, in the south an elasticity in the dry atmosphere which so favourably influences the spirits as to prepare the mind the better to perceive and enjoy the beauty around. There is at the same time a luminousness and all-pervading brilliancy of light in the air, together with a blueness in the sky, which is reflected back from the warm-coloured hills and luxuriant vegetation, and gives intensity to their tints. Even in Switzerland the landscape is cheerful when compared with that of the Highlands, and this in spite of the desolateness of its inaccessible peaks, its unfathomable gulphs, and its mighty fields of ice. The intense greenness of its "Alpen" plateaus, with their picturesque *châlets* and white villages, the purity and brightness of the ice fields above, and the alabaster sheen of the mountain summits, incased in the dome of sunny blue,—all inspire a sense of beauty, brightness and joyousness which is not quenched but only sobered and sublimated by the awful grandeur of the mountains. The very tinkling of the bells from lowing herds and from flocks of goats, and the joyous *jödeln* of the herdsman, taken up and repeated by the echoing rocks, add to the happiness of the scene. So it is in Italy and Greece. Light is everywhere in all its power and brilliancy. The blue waves laugh in it, the church bells ring to it, the marble temples of the past repeat it, the village dance and the cadence of its music are in fullest harmony with it. But

there is nothing like this in the north, with its clouds and mists. In spite of rare days, which bring out unsurpassed lights and shadows, with every tint of colour from sea to zenith—in spite of guiling waves, and fantastic mists, and sunsets than which, when in earnest, none can be more glorious, yet in spite of all, the grave and sad aspect of the country remains the same. It is like an old ruined house, sad in spite of the sunlight on its walls. The heather is sombre, except when it is in bloom; the moss without the heather is more sombre still; the rocks of which the hills are built, the slates and traps are often dark as night, and never look bright, indeed, except at those rare seasons when setting suns fling round them their robes of gold: for, alas! during most part of the year they are seen under a dull sky, or under the shadow of clouds, so that the colouring is generally sombre, certainly sober, and is not relieved, but rather intensified, by the indefinite outlines of the hills and their vast distances.

In no other country, for example, do mountains rise from an expanse so utterly dreary. Where save in the north is there any scene like the Moor of Rannoch, with its bleakness, emptiness, and utter waste of bog and morass—with its bleached boulders, too, and deep cuts in its surface, as if through its flesh into its bone, and its solitary death-like Loch Sydog—all filling up a space of twenty miles, bounded by shadowy hills? The rolling yellow sands of the desert are nothing to it. The Campagna of Rome is perhaps more sad and oppressive to the spirit; but this feeling is produced not so much by its mere appearance, for it is fertile in grass and not wanting in many signs of human life, as by the contrast which it suggests to the life and activity of a great city so near it, and most of all to the Rome that was and is no more!

Well has the Moor of Rannoch been described by Professor Shairp, whose poems are pregnant with the genuine aroma of the Highlands:—

"O'er the dreary moor of Rannoch
Calm these hours of Sabbath shine;
But no kirk-bell here divideth
Week-day toil from rest divine.

Ages pass, but save the tempest,
Nothing here makes toil or haste;
Busy weeks nor restful Sabbath
Visit this abandon'd waste.

Long ere prow of earliest savage
Grated on blank Albyn's shore,
Lay these drifts of granite boulders,
Weather-bleach'd and lichen'd o'er.

Beuchaille Etive's furrow'd visage,
To Schihallion look'd sublime,
O'er a wide and wasted desert,
Old and unreclaim'd as time.

Yea! a desert wide and wasted,
Wash'd by rain-floods to the bones;
League on league of heather blasted,
Storm-gash'd moss, grey boulder-stones;

And along these dreary levels,
As by some stern destiny placed,
Yon sad lochs of black moss water
Grimly gleaming on the waste;

East and west, and northward sweeping,
Limitless the mountain plain,
Like a vast low heaving ocean,
Girdled by its mountain chain:

Plain, o'er which the kingliest eagle,
Ever scream'd by dark Lochowe,
Fain would droop a laggard pinion,
Ere he touch'd Ben-Aulder's brow:

Mountain-girdled,—there Bendoran
To Schihallion calls aloud,
Beckons he to lone Ben-Aulder,
He to Nevis crown'd with cloud.

Cradled here old Highland rivers,
Etive, Cona, regal Tay,
Like the shout of clans to battle,
Down the gorges break away.

And the Atlantic sends his pipers
Up yon thunder-throated glen,
O'er the moor at midnight sounding
Pibrochs never heard by men.

Clouds, and mists, and rains before them
Crowding to the wild wind tune,
Here to wage their all-night battle,
Unbeheld by star and moon.

Loud the while down all his hollows,
Flashing with a hundred streams,
Corrie-bah from out the darkness
To the desert roars and gleams.

Sterner still, more drearly driven,
There o' nights the north wind raves,
His long homeless lamentation,
As for Arctic seamen's graves.

Till his mighty snow-sieve shaken
Down hath blinded all the lift,
Hid the mountains, plunged the moorland
Fathom-deep in mounded drift.

Such a time, while yells of slaughter
Burst at midnight on Glencoe,
Hither flying babes and mothers
Perish'd 'mid the waste of snow."

As illustrations of this universal sombreness of Highland Scenery I might cite many names—those, for instance, of Glencoe, or Glen Sannox, in Arran. But the most impressive instance, perhaps, is that of the desolate Coruisk in Skye. No lake in the remote depths of the Alps or Pyrenees is so sullen. No mountains or surrounding precipices can be bleaker, or more utterly void of any trace of life. An eagle may possibly wing its flight, and its croakings be heard along the peaks and precipices of the Coolins, but there is no other sign of life. It has been most eloquently and accurately described by Dr. MacCulloch in his* "Highland Tour:"*—"The name of this extraordinary place is Coruisk, the hollow of the water. It appears to be about three miles long, and is from half a mile to a mile wide, forming a somewhat irregular oval; a lake that seems to be about two miles in length occupies the middle . . . On all sides the rocky faces of the including mountains rise with a rapid ascent, rude, brown, and bare, not an atom of vegetation being anywhere discernible. . . . No blade of grass seems ever to have grown here 'since summer first was leafy.' So steep and sudden is the acclivity, that, at one glance you see the whole face of the mountains from the foot to the summit; a continued regular plain of solid rock, rising upwards on all hands for more than a mile, and presenting a barrier over which there is no egress. . . . The shining summits of the Coolins darkly widen the blue expanse with their bold serrated forms, and contracted in other parts with forms of endless variety. . . . They seem to approach each other and exclude the day; and indeed the sun rarely reaches the valley, which seems lost in a sort of perpetual twilight. . . . It was a lovely day when first I found this place which, excepting the shepherds of Strathnaird, mortal foot had scarce ever trod. I was alone. The day was calm, and the water, glassy and dark, reflected one solitary birch that, unmoved by the slightest air, hung over it from the margin of the green isle on which it grew. Not a billow curled on the shore of the dark lake, which like Acheron seemed as if dead and fixed in eternal silence. Not even a bird was to be seen; no fish dimpled the water; not a bee nor a fly was on the wing; it appeared as if all living beings had abandoned this spot to the spirit of solitude. I held my breath to listen for a sound, but everything was hushed. Neither motion nor sound was there. I almost started at that of my own footsteps. The white torrents were foaming down the precipices, but so remote that they seemed not to move; they thundered as they fell, but they were inaudible."

* We would advise all tourists to the Highlands, in addition to Black's "Guide-Book" and Sir Walter Scott, to have also in their knapsack Dr. Johnson's "Tour," as being the best account of Highland society in its best time. Dr. MacCulloch's "Travels" should be added, as containing the best descriptions of the scenery ever written; with Mr. Campbell of Islay's "Tales of the Highlands;" and Mr. Geikie's work on the "Scenery and Geology" of the country.

The Eastern Highlands which extend along the whole line of the Grampians, and include the Highlands of Perthshire and Aberdeenshire, with the eastern slopes of Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire, are of a different type, approaching more to the cheerful character of the sunny south. The very air of the east is more elastic and joyous than that of the west, owing to the rainclouds wafted from the western ocean discharging their streams before reaching the east. The largest rivers of Scotland, with their wooded scenery and rich alluvial lands, all belong to the same division. Instead of the mountains plunging abruptly with their giant headlands into the ocean, as in the west, they slope down gradually into far-spreading plains. Until we penetrate into the recesses of the deer forests, we everywhere see abundant and cheering evidences of population. Villages and country towns, and stately homes of wealth and luxury appear on every side. In Nairnshire, Morayshire, and parts of Ross-shire, the wild hills are thus skirted with scenery partaking more of the rich and wooded character of England than of Scotland. The valley of the Dee, for instance, although it has its outlet at Aberdeen, has, like most of the Eastern river-valleys, its woods among scenes as desolate as can be found among the Western Hebrides. "Dark Loch-na-gar," with its solitary tarn and its lonely recesses, and the glens which radiate to the west from Braemar partake of the sad and sombre character alluded to. Other portions of this landscape are composed of brighter and more cheerful elements, including the sparkling waters of such rivers as the Dee, flowing over clear rocky beds. The noble forests round Balmoral and Invercauld, the scattered cottages and cultivated fields of the lower grounds, and above all the Highland home of our beloved Queen,—which is and must ever be the centre of this varied and splendid landscape—all contribute to relieve and lighten the character of the scenery. And although this Royal home suggests memories sadder and more sombre than do the surrounding mountains—memories which, to one heart at least, will for ever veil the hills with a cloud, yet that cloud has to others been so penetrated by the undying light of affection, that instead of concealing, it illumines the scene. The thoughts of that great sorrow will more and more mingle with thoughts of thankfulness when, as the traveller gazes on this landscape and notices the prominent Cairn on the dark mountain spur above the Palace, he remembers him to whose memory it is reared; and how he himself chose this as his Highland home, and spent here his happiest days, sanctifying the spot by Christian fellowship in the household every day, and in sacred worship with his family and humble neighbours in the Parish Church on many a peaceful Sunday. Nor will the picture be less bright or beautiful if it also helps us to recall the strength and comfort afforded to his widowed Queen, by the tender sympathies of the people, and the love which these have drawn forth on her part towards them, and which she has recorded with such womanly feeling and generous enthusiasm.

But however sombre the character of the West and North Highland Scenery, no such associations are suggested by that of the Southern Highlands. All here is cheerful—whether we wander among the rich splendours of Dunkeld and of the lakes westward to Loch Awe, or note the wonderful combinations everywhere visible of noble forests, wild copse woods, broad sheets of water with wooded islets, and every kind of glen and mountain stream, green pasture-lands, bare peaks and mountains near and far away. Here the sense of loneliness is seldom felt. Poetry and legend have added to its life. Comfortable

homes, and noble mansions ever and anon catch the eye, suggesting a sense of luxury and enjoyment. This district seems to belong to the south rather than to the north, yet how much is its life owing to the creative genius of Scott, and to the traditional lore by which he has rendered it immortal!

We do not attempt here to describe our Lake Scenery. This has already been done by Professor Wilson, with a spirit and power which belong to Christopher North alone. But beautiful as it is, it wants, nevertheless, the bare, dark, savage grandeur of the western peaks and passes; it gives no hint of the dreary loneliness of the great western glens, or of the solemn power of the great seas that roar against the grim headlands, or pour their cataracts on the reefs and islands of the outer Hebrides. Compared with this stern and sombre outer world, the lakes are as calm lagoons reflecting the form of quiet beauty sleeping in the arms of strength.

But there are other characteristic features of Highland Scenery which tend sometimes to deepen, and sometimes to relieve and modify, these sombre associations to which we have alluded: these are produced by the lights and the colouring of the landscape.

The task of exhibiting the effects of these as specially characteristic of Highland Scenery is too difficult for us, demanding, as it does, a nicer discrimination, and a more minute acquaintance with the phenomena of clouds and light than we possess. The difference is great, indeed, between the colouring of the Highlands and that of southern climes. The cloudless sky of the east gives a statuesque sharpness and hardness to the outlines of every mountain and rock. The atmosphere is not softened and subdued by moisture, but is generally as transparent as glass. In the Greek Archipelago there is a rich glow at sunset, which steeps island and ocean in glory; but, as a rule, the sense of glare and of unvarying definiteness produces a different effect from that exercised by the atmosphere in Highland Scenery. The sunsets of Russia, as seen from Vasali Ostroff, near St. Petersburgh, perhaps excel all others for *duration* as well as richness of colour. But then the colours are confined solely to the clouds. The splendours of these northern evenings, which fill the whole heavens with unsurpassed and inconceivable effulgence, although they linger on until their last faint gleams almost usher in the dawn, have yet no landscape to reflect them. Again, the lights and colours of Italian Scenery are no doubt wonderful in their beauty from morn till even. Nothing can surpass the delicate tints and varying hues upon sea and mountain, or the subdued yet brilliant glow of the atmosphere at sunset. It is the very luxury and wealth of colour; and every hill, every villa and ancient ruin, every pine tree and every nook rejoices in it. In Greece, too, gazing from the Acropolis, we have seen, after a shower, the effects of light over Egina and westwards to the Acropolis of Corinth. In blues and purples, and soft shadings and vanishings from tint to tint, with the fitful play of every hue, as the clouds and mists rose in flowery wreaths and the sun poured its rays through the moist atmosphere over all, there could be nothing richer. The picture presented was the very perfection of light and shade and exquisite colouring. And what shall we say of the effects of cloud among the Alps? Gathering over the lofty summits, or streaming like an awful banner across the sky from the airy peaks, the clouds seem to make a new world in that wild confusion, in which sometimes there is nothing but cloud; except when the snow summits, like great white thrones, appear above, and the untrodden ice-world of glacier and precipice

gleams in the sudden openings of mist, reflecting the sunbeams from the crystal masses. Then again, at sunset there spreads over the awful summits of the Alps that burnished gold which shines but for a moment, as if it were too great a glory for human eye to gaze upon, and then suddenly vanishes. Can imagination conceive any finer effects of light than those witnessed on a "perfect day," sailing down the Lake of Lucerne? As we recall such scenes we feel it the more difficult to say in what respects the Highlands can be compared with them.

We have no intention of instituting such comparisons. We can do no more than appeal to all Highland tourists, whether they have not been as much possessed by a sense of beauty and of wonder from the effects of light and cloud in the Highlands, as in any other country they have visited?

There are periods, alas! neither brief nor unfrequent, when there is no other scenery visible in the Highlands, save that of cloud and mist, mingling in a drifting mass of drenching vapour or furious rain. At such times the country is not only sad and sombre, but extremely miserable to every one, except to the fisher in loch or stream, who may rejoice in what promises him sport. And yet there is some cheerfulness in the thought, that but for such liberal contributions from our seas, the old hills that arrest the rain-clouds as they are borne along by southern or westerly winds, and condense their treasures, would very soon be unable—so thin is their soil—to produce the green pastures which hide their barrenness, or the scattered copse which adorns their sides. Were it not for these dripping mists and heavy torrents, our scenery would be wanting in much that contributes to its beauty. We should miss our exquisite mosses and ferns, our waterfalls and cascades, and that world of beauty which is visible along the course of every tiny mountain rivulet, and in every crevice of the huge boulders scattered at the base of the mountains. Then again, the beginning and ending of these days of rain and cloud and grey mist, so memorable in what they conceal from the traveller, are the precise times in which marvellous effects of light may be witnessed. How transparent is the atmosphere charged with moisture, before that moisture is condensed so as to produce the "rainy-day." How distances diminish,—the opposite shores of the loch and the distant mountain being brought nigh, and every cleft and rocky precipice and bare scaur revealed with vivid clearness. The sun strikes through wild glens and lights up the bare wet rocky sides with a silver sheen; and distant promontories and islands come into view, and the line where sky and ocean meet is so clearly seen surrounding both, yet so far away. And then, what a sight it is, when the rain has spent itself, and the clouds which have emptied themselves are rolling up like a scroll, and every hill side is streaked with foaming streams, while the green pastures revive, and the trees, gleaming with diamond drops, "clap their hands with joy!" What can surpass the effects of the thin mist which veils the precipices, or wreaths itself around them, or vanishes in light eddying vapour from their summits, until lost in the intense and infinite depths of azure. Every cottage that sends up its tiny wreath of blue smoke, every white sail that dots the sea, every boat which breaks its glassy surface with its oars, adds beauty to the scene. Can anything surpass the exquisite blues and purples of the hills at such times, their indescribable softness of outline, and that impalpable film of misty light which is cast over sea and land? And who that has seen it can forget the effect produced on the northern landscape when the air is dry and bracing, and the clouds group themselves in towering masses,

while far above light fleecy streaks break the expanse of the summer sky, and a light fresh breeze is blowing? As we recall such days we again see flocks of curling sea-mews and white birds screaming in groups as they flutter over the swarming shoals of fish; the infinite variety of form brought out by the light and shade on the hills; the motion of the broad shadows cast by the clouds as they "rake the mountain summits," and fly across the green hill sides; the glorious vistas among the mountains, as range after range discloses itself, until lost in distant peaks "that mingle with the sky."

One word more:—where can there be seen more glorious effects from colour than on a clear autumnal day at morning or evening, when the rising, or better still, the setting sun lights up the woods, with the arn and birch and wild cherry robed in orange and gold or bright crimson, mingled with the dark pines and firs; and when it fires the gorgeous purple heather of the mountains, and brightens the masses of yellow fern?

But if the green slopes, broad rivers, straths, and pine forests of the Eastern Highlands, with the fertile and cultivated landscapes stretching from the bases of the mountains, are brighter and more cheerful than those of the west, this holds true with still greater emphasis of the scenery of the Southern Highlands. We have already indicated the boundaries of the district which we thus designate. It is that with which summer tourists are most familiar. It includes the lake scenery of Loch Tay and Loch Lomond, and the splendid views around the Trosachs westward to Loch Awe. Here the beautiful reigns paramount. Sweeping slopes, clothed with verdure and waving pines, with every conceivable grouping of wild woods and rocks, mountains and glens, and winding shores, which combine the charms of coast scenery with the stillness of inland seas, the sleeping mirrors of whose waters unite the splendours of earth and sky.

And to the charms which these scenes possess in themselves must be added the fascination with which in most minds they have been invested by the pen of the "Northern Magician." We were ourselves forcibly impressed with this fact when visiting the Trosachs for the first time; we will not say how long ago. One old Highlander spoke to us frankly of the changes which had taken place in his day. "I, and my father," he said, "used to guide the few travellers who came here up Ben Lomond. But no one will take my road now. And that is very curious, because it is the best! But the fact is," he added, with a peculiar smile, "more men are fools than I once believed! And what have you of it now but this—that a Lowlander—one of the name of Scott, or Sir Walter Scott, who knew nothing about the country, wrote a heap of lies on the Trosachs. I do assure you he told stories that neither I nor my father ever heard about this person and that who never lived here—about an *Eelen* and a FitzJames, and trash of that sort. Of course, ignorant Sassenachs take all that for Gospel, and make new roads and build new hotels, and get new boats, and even steamboats and new guides—who, though they laugh at the tourists, get their money. And so, you see, no one comes my old way to Ben Lomond now. But och! it's a sad sight—most lamentable, to see decent folk believing lies—lies—nothing but lies."

But we must return to our subject, and to what at least is sober truth. We are now writing these hurried notes among the "Braes of Lochaber." The scenery around exhibits all that is characteristic of

the Western Highlands. We should like to help our readers to see it with the inner eye. Let us then suppose ourselves seated on a green headland, rising a few hundred feet above the sea level. In itself this elevation is remarkable for nothing more than the greenest grass—consequently, in the estimation of the shepherd, it is one of the "best places for wintering sheep;" and it is the more fitted for such a purpose owing to its being broken up by innumerable hollows and dykes of trap which afford shelter to the sheep from every wind. Moreover, the snow seldom lies here, as it is speedily thawed by the breath of the temperate sea. It has its own secluded spots of Highland beauty, too, although these are seldom, if ever, visited by any one save the solitary herdboy. In these nooks, nature, as if rejoicing in the undisturbed contemplation of her own grace and loveliness, lavishly grows her wild flowers and spreads out her drooping ferns. Nay, she seems unconsciously to adorn herself with tufts of primroses, bluebells, and crimson heather, and slyly retires into little recesses, to enter which one has to put aside the branches of mountain ash clothed with bunches of coral fruit, as well as the weeping birch and hazel, in order to get a glimpse of the rivulet that *whishes* between banks glorious with green mosses, lichens, ferns, honeysuckle, and wild roses. In the spring such recesses are a very home of love for piping birds. At the base of our unknown, untrodden promontory are clefts and caves, worn and cut into the strangest shapes by the everlasting beat of the ocean tides. In each round rocky bowl, filled with pure sea-water, is a forest of fairy-like trees of all colours, strangely mingled—brown, green, and white. Molluscs, and fish almost microscopic, together with a solitary crab here and there, move about in this their little world of beauty, in which to the observer there seems indeed to be nothing but purity and joy.

But lifting our eyes and looking round, how thoroughly Highland the whole scene is; and how distinguished from every other in its characteristic features! Our promontory forms the one side of the entrance to a salt-water beach, Loch Leven, a branch of the great sea-river of Loch Linnhe, which flows northward from Oban to the Caledonian Canal, and the hollow of whose waters is continued in the line of the Great Caledonian Valley with its fresh-water lakes. Looking eastward from where we are supposed to be, we are struck by the wonderful beauty of Loch Linnhe itself. On the southern shore lies the green Ardshiel—one of the homes of the Episcopalian and Jacobite families of the Stewarts of Appin, who were ever faithful to their Church and Prince "Charlie." Above and beyond Ardshiel is a mountain, green to its rounded summit, with fine strips of native wood dotting its surface, forming beautiful curves, and out of which here and there flash the cascades of rivulets that sweep downwards to the sea. Higher still, and beyond, is a bare sharp ridge without a blade of grass. On the opposite or southern side of Loch Leven, on which we are supposed to be seated, are upraised beaches, with flats of fine alluvial soil, stretching out to the shore, and backed by limestone hills of richest green, at the base of which little scattered white cottages nestle snugly. The winding shores sweep into sandy bays, which reflect white marble rocks, gleaming through trees.

These two shores of Loch Leven almost meet eastward at the narrow strait of Ballachulish, well known to English travellers. This strait, by a rapid tideway, connects the outer Loch with the upper, which encircles many small green islands among them, the old burial island of St. Mungo, where the

massacred Macdonalds of Glencoe repose in peace. At length it is lost beneath the grim overhanging mountains about ten miles off at the entrances of the Glens which converge there, and which few pedestrians, save shepherds and "Christopher North," have thoroughly examined.

But *the* grand and commanding object at the head of Loch Leven is Glencoe. Seen from our promontory, its precipices rise like a huge wall, dark as though built of lava. Tremendous buttresses from base to summit disengage themselves from their surface, and separated from each other by depths such as might have been cut and cloven by Thor's great hammer, wielded in stormy passion. The mountain is scored across, too, by deep lines and platforms of trap, as though they marked the successive floods of molten rock poured out by volcanic forces. Nothing can be more utterly sombre, sad, and desolate than this Glencoe. We have watched it in its every mood—sometimes when it seemed to sleep like a wearied giant, wrapped in the sun-mist; sometimes when it began to arrest the western clouds, until, as if overcome by their stifling power, they covered it with impenetrable masses black as night; or again when slowly and solemnly it unveiled itself after the storm, and the sun crept up to it, after visiting the green fields and trees below, and pouring itself on white cottages and the sails of fishing-boats, until at last it scattered the clouds from the dark precipices and sent the mists flying—not fiercely but kindly, not hastily but slowly—in white smoke up the glens, tingeing with auroral light the dark ridge as they streamed over it, while the infinite sky appeared without a cloud over all, and as if supported by the mighty pillars of the glen.

Turning to the east the scene is still characteristic of our Highlands. To right and left, to north and south, is the sea-river of which we have spoken. Southward, it flows past the green Lismore, on past Oban Mull, until it is lost between misty headlands in the far Atlantic, whose waves boom on the western steeps of Jura.

The scenery to the west, which hems in this stretch of inland sea, is utterly desolate. Successive promontories, rocky and dark, and each the termination of a mountain as dark and rocky, and opening up into vast and lonely glens, are all that meet the eye; while the Eastern shore, though scarcely seen, is Appin, which boasts some of the richest and most beautiful scenes in the Highlands. To the north, the same sea-river, after passing under the noble green mountain and great corry of Ardgour, with its woods and cultivated fields below, rushes with rapid tide through Corran Ferry, and is lost to the eye between the distant hills of Lochiel.

Immediately opposite to us, low set in the western range of mountains, is a deep recess into the wilderness beyond, which has a marked effect upon the landscape as seen from our promontory. A green sea-shore stretches across its entrance, along which are clumps of pines, with a few cottages sprinkled through them. A small fresh-water lake fills the hollow beyond, and surrounded by mountains black and bare, are hills of most picturesque forms, with knolls and promontories tufted with woods all in inextricable confusion. A dark mountain like an island rises at the western end of the small loch.

Amidst this scenery we spent a considerable portion of last summer; and gazed on it from day to day, and from morn to even, with delight and reverence. We have fished along its sea coast almost every evening.

What unsurpassed glories have we thus witnessed! It verily seemed to us then as though the setting sun dropped down nearer earth to concentrate all his powers on that one landscape—to display untold beauty and adorn it with glory from the head of the western glen above the Loch down to the sea; and compelling even dark Glencoe, as well as the surrounding hills, to do it honour, and bow before it with their golden crowns and purple robes. First of all, the sun began to collect round himself clouds spread out into seas, grouped into islets, with colours such as no pen or pencil has ever conveyed the faintest impression of. Then beams of soft silver sheen shot through every crossing valley and down through every cleft and cranny in the serrated ridges, penetrating the nether dimness, illuminating the curling smoke of the valleys, and transfiguring the dark pines and precipices, and lighting up hidden corners. It touched the green pastures of the shores of Loch Leven as with a magic rod; it kindled the mountain ridges to the east, so that these, after all the lower valleys were dark, retained the light of day. Having glorified Glencoe from base to summit, it concentrated its beams, ere parting, on the loftiest peaks, until they shone in a subdued ruby light, and then they were tipped with such bright burnished gold as is never seen anywhere else except on the icy Aguilles of the Alps. Gradually the hue seemed to pass from earth to heaven, and lingered for a space among the clouds with that splendour and wonder of glory so overpowering yet so variable—a revelation of the Almighty Artist, which, once seen, remains a precious gift stored in the memory, never to fade away!

On these evenings the marvel nearest to the eye was the appearance of the sea! It was wholly indescribable. But merely to mention it will recall similar spectacles to others. The waves undulated in gentle swell with a heavy dull molten hue. Save for the movements of flocks of birds, which swam and dived wherever the shoals of fish disturbed its glassy surface, it seemed cold and dead. But as the setting sun began to kindle its waves with subdued lights, aided by glowing cloud and mountain of every imaginable hue, there spread over the wide expanse of still water such a combination of colours—ruby, amethyst, purple, blue, green and grey—gleaming, sparkling, and interchanging like the Aurora, until every gentle undulation was more gorgeous than the robes of Eastern kings when unrolled from the looms of Benares!

Let us here refer to the impressions made by another scene upon a writer who is well acquainted with Highland Scenery, and who views it not only through feelings "unborrowed from the eye," but with the eye itself, informed and guided by a deep and exact knowledge of the geological structure of the country, and which has moulded the outward forms on which fancy and imagination act and are acted upon. Mr. Geikie, in his admirable book on the "Scenery of the Highlands," has the following description of a scene in Sutherlandshire:—

"You stand on one of its higher eminences and look over a dreary expanse of verdureless rock, grey, cold, and bare, protruding from the heather in endless rounded crags and knolls, and dotted over with tarns and lochans, which, by their stillness, heighten the loneliness and solitude of the scene. Acres of sombre peat-moss mark the site of former lakes, and their dinginess and desolation form no inconspicuous features in the landscape. Few contrasts of scenery in the Highlands, when once beheld, are likely to be better remembered than that between the cold grey hue and monotonous undulations of this

ancient gneiss, and the colour and form of the sandstone mountains that rise along its inner margin. These heights are among the noblest in the whole Highlands. They consist of red Cambrian sandstone lying on the upturned edges of the gneiss, and with their strata so little inclined that these can be traced by the eye in long horizontal bars on the sides of the steeper declivities. Viewed from the sea, the gneiss belt runs in a line of bare rough hills and low headlands, among which, save here and there along a larger water-course, or on a straggling patch of gravelly soil, one looks in vain for tree or field or patch of green to relieve the sterility of these lonely shores. Behind rise the sandstone mountains in a line of irregular but stately pyramids, their nearly level strata running along the hill-sides like lines of masonry. Here and there the hand of time has rent them into deep rifts, from which long mounds of rubbish are rolled into the plains below, as stones are loosened from the shivered walls of an ancient battlement. Down their sides, which have sometimes well-nigh the steepness of a wall, vegetation finds but scanty room along the projecting ledges of the sandstone beds, where the heath and grass and wild flowers cluster over the rock in straggling lines and tufts of green. And yet, though nearly as bare as the gneiss below them, these lofty mountains are far from presenting the same aspect of barrenness. The prevailing colour of their component strata gives them a warm red hue which, even at noon, contrasts strongly with the grey of the platform of older rock. But it is at the close of day that the contrast is seen at its height. For then, when the sun is dipping beneath the distant Hebrides, and the shadows of night have already crept over the lower grounds, the gneiss, far as we can trace its corrugated outlines, is steeped in a cold blue tint, that passes away in the distance into the grey haze of the evening, while the sandstone mountains, towering proudly out of the gathering twilight, catch on their giant sides the full flush of sunset. Their own warm hue is thus heightened by the mingling crimson and gold of the western sky, and their summits, wreathed perhaps with rosy mist, glow again, as if they were parts, not of the earth, but of the heaven above them. Watching their varying colours and the changes which the shifting light seems to work upon their strange forms, one might almost be tempted to believe that they are not mountains at all, but pyramids and lines of battlement—the work perhaps of some primeval Titan, who once held sway in the north."

We shall conclude this portion of our subject by attempting to describe another view highly characteristic of the Highlands, as we have given it in our "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish."

"The upward path soon leaves the cultivated settlements, passes several streams, winds across tracks of moorland, and at last reaches the shielings of Corrie Borodale. One cannot imagine a sweeter spot than this in which to repose before attempting the ascent of the hill proper. A stream, clear as a diamond, and singing its hill-song, takes a sweep, and folds within its embrace a bay of emerald grass, surrounded with blooming heather. Here and there appear small groups of ruins, mere gatherings of stones, to mark where man once built his temporary home. Before sheep-farming was introduced generally into the Highlands, about seventy or eighty years ago, the young cattle ranged at large over the hills, clambering as far up as any grass grew, and at mid-summer the milch-cows also were removed to the upland pastures, as is still the habit in Norway, and probably in other mountainous countries. The greenest, grassiest, and most sheltered nooks were always chosen for these summer residences, or

shielings, as they were called. Bothies, rude but substantial, were built for the family, and various enclosures for calves, lambs, and kids surrounded them. Each family had such a number of sheep as sufficed for their own need as to food and clothing. The whole household flitted to the shieling with great glee. The men, however, remained there only for a few days, to see that bothy and pen were all right and tight. They returned to the strath, or homestead, to attend to the crops and to the peats, to thatch the houses, to set matters generally in order for the winter season. The women and the young folks remained at the shieling for a period of twelve or fourteen weeks, their chief care being to gather as much butter and cheese as could be effected without starving the calves or lambs; and the housewife who succeeded in combining the 'filling of the milk-pail' with the 'rearing of the calf,' was celebrated in song and story. The never-failing distaff filled up the intervals of unemployed time with the aged; but the young had abundant leisure, which they seem to have bestowed on mirth and enjoyment; and among the comparatively few songs of the Gaelic Muse which are truly blythe and joyous—for generally she is in sad and sombre mood—the shieling songs occupy a prominent place. They depict a life of simple and genuine happiness. Thus it is that when one rests in such a green oasis, his fancy again peoples the waste with the herd-lads 'calling the cattle home,' and with the blithe girls at the milking; he sees again the life among the huts, and hears the milking songs and innocent glee; and when awakened from his reverie by bleating sheep—the only living tenants of the pastures—he is not disposed to admit the present time to be an improvement on the past.

"But let us up to that green spot beside the ravine; then to the left along the rocks, then to the right till past the deep 'peat-bogs,' and finally straight up to the Cairn. When we have taken breath, let us look around. This is the very high altar of the parish, and I maintain that all the glories which can be seen from a parish rightfully belong to the parish itself, and are a part of its own rich inheritance.

"Let us first look northward. Almost at our feet is a chain of small lakes, round whose green shores, unseen from the Cairn, because immediately beneath it, a prosperous tenantry once lived, of whom no trace remains, except those patches of ruins which mark their once happy homesteads.

"Opposite to the spectator, and rising abruptly from the valley, is a range of hills, broken into wild scaurs and clothed with copse; while beyond these, ridge on ridge rise, like a mighty ocean sea, heaving in gigantic billows onward towards Ben Reshiepol, until lost to sight beyond the head of Loch Shiel and among the braes of Lochaber.

"Sweeping the eye from the north to the west, what a glorious spectacle! The chain of lakes beneath ends in the lovely Loch Sunart, with its beauteous bays and wooded islets. Over its farther shore, and above picturesque hills, the more distant Hebrides rear their heads out of the ocean.

"Along the horizon northwards are seen the Scūr of Eigg lifting its gigantic pillar, and the dark lines of Rum; westwards the islands of Coll and Tiree, with gleams of the ocean between. The long dark moorland ascent by which we have reached the hill-top, now carries the eye down to the sea; that sea is a strait, worming itself for more than twenty miles between the mainland where we stand, and the island of Mull, which gathers up its hills into a cluster of noble peaks about its centre, with Bentealbh

(Bentalve) and Benmore towering over all. A low isthmus right opposite, opens up an arm of the sea beyond Mull, with noble headlands, beneath which the man who would see Staffa aright should himself sail out to the ocean with only a Highland crew; for not from crowded steamer can he fully understand that pillared island and its cathedral cave.

"Let us glance to the east—the eye following the Sound of Mull—and our panorama is completed. How nobly the Sound, dotted with vessels, opens up past Ardtornish and Duart Castles, ere it mingles with the broader waters that sweep in eddying tides past the Slate Isles, past Jura, Scarba, on to Islay, until they finally spread out into the roll and roar of the shoreless Atlantic! In that eastern distance may be seen some white smoke that marks Oban, and over it Ben Cruachan, the most beautiful of our West Highland mountains, accompanied by its grey companions, 'the shepherds' of Etive Glen.'"

But there is yet another fact, characteristic of Highland Scenery;—that which is created by our associations with the people of the land and their past history. It is perhaps impossible to define precisely what this characteristic is, inasmuch as it depends upon the knowledge of the Highlanders possessed by the spectator, and his sympathy with them. There can be no doubt that the feelings with which we view any landscape, and the impressions made upon us by it, are to some extent a reflection of the light in which it has been already invested by the imagination. Ranges of hills can be found without number, whose outlines are finer and whose natural features are far more striking than those of the mountains which encircle Rome, or those that look down on Athens. Nothing can be more bare and desolate than the sober hills of Palestine. Yet how powerful is the influence which all these exercise upon the mind! They lead captive every thought. They are too dear to be coldly criticised. We love, we admire, and are silent. Olivet and Bethany, Nazareth and Tiberias!—these are not associated in our minds with any form of external nature, save as backgrounds to the everlasting light shed upon them by holy humanity. Hence the striking contrast between such scenery and that of any uninhabited or unhistorical portion of the globe, however great and splendid it may be in other respects. It is because of the presence amidst it of men, our brethren—men sharing all our common joys and sorrows—or, better still, men with noble thoughts and high aspirations ready to burst out in great actions, thus adding to the intellectual or moral wealth which enriches the world. For humanity is ever the light and life of the landscape; which without it is as a dead body from which the spirit has fled, a house without an inhabitant, an instrument without a living hand to awaken its chords and draw forth its harmonies.

In one sense the Highlands has contributed little to human progress. The great outer world, year by year, sends its crowds steaming along its Friths and Lochs, to fish in its streams, shoot over its moors, or sketch its otherwise unknown beauties; but the influence exercised upon the minds of these tourists is little affected or modified by thoughts concerning the people who dwell there, or by sympathy for them. If this feeling exist at all, it is probably owing solely to the influence of Sir Walter Scott. It is thus contemplated, and no doubt with generous and kindly interest, through the "Lord of the Isles," the "Lady of the Lake," "Rob Roy," or "Waverley." True impressions are thus no doubt given

of a time when the patriarchal system, long banished from the rest of civilized Europe, found a refuge among the clans in these remote glens and islands; of a loyal and romantic people, attractive by their character, and their spirit of obedience as well as of profound attachment to their chiefs; by their indifference to the perils of life, and their submission to comparative poverty, as the only condition of their securing social intercourse with their kindred and the friendship of those who represented life streams that had long flowed together through the same valley. Such impressions are given with a vividness which changes fiction into fact. We admit most fully what the creative power of Scott has done for the Highlands; and heartily acknowledge that his genius has contributed more than anything else to lay down good roads, build good hotels, equip good steamers, as well as to shed the brightest light over the whole landscape. Yet he has never done for the Highlander what he did for the Lowlander. The Lowland Scot of "Old Mortality," the "Antiquary," and of others of his inimitable novels, finds no correspondent delineation of a Highland peasant. In "Waverley," indeed, we have chivalrous Highland gentlemen, yet tinged largely by southern influences; and in "Rob Roy," a grand portrait of a half-highland, half-lowland cateran; but how much truer to nature is the portrait of Bailie Nicol Jarvie than that of Rob Roy? while such personages as Helen MacGregor or the "Dougal Creature" are mere caricatures without historical reality or truth, and bearing no resemblance to the beings of actual Highland life.

We may, therefore, seem to be imposing upon ourselves the impossible task of drawing from a "sealed and shut up fountain," when we suggest that the character and habits of the people furnish elements capable of affecting Highland Scenery. "Who knows," it may be said, "or who cares about the people!" We, on our own part, would humbly suggest that the admirers of Highland Scenery are not necessarily confined to those who are wholly ignorant of Highlanders. There are still proprietors who do not despise the language, nor affect a vulgar ignorance of the habits or history of their people. There are strangers, too, who possess a higher culture, and to whom they are full of "learned interest." And there are, of course, in every land, many Highlanders who have lived among them in their youth, and who know their worth, and who accordingly can never view the landscape without thoughts of those who give it its greatest charm, and whose memories invest it with the deepest melancholy. We confess ourselves to belong to this number. To us the Highlanders and the Highlands are inseparably linked together—the landscape being made up of both. We can recall the time when the hill sides and glens were filled with a happy and contented population; when every parish possessed more than one composer of songs such as might be sung by the most refined and fastidious; and of hymns, too, which expressed feelings the most reverent and devout. We recall their indomitable fortitude in battling for existence during stormy days and through long winters, even the poorest proudly disdaining all parochial relief for themselves or their kindred. We remember, too, with delight, their frank and warm-hearted intercourse with each other without distinction of rank; their generous efforts to relieve every sufferer; their loyal obedience to law, which, even in times of direst famine, rendered it unnecessary that a single soldier or policeman should be sent to any part of the country. Nor do we think with less pleasure of the happy meetings round the cottage

fire in the long nights of winter, when tales were told and songs were sung, and the "trump" or jews-harp, the fiddle or the bagpipes played; or, when conversation, innocent and never rude or ignorant, but such as any gentleman might have enjoyed, was engaged in. But with greater gratification and thankfulness still do we remember the crowds streaming down the glens on Sunday to the little church, and their reverence and devotion at worship. As such scenes crowd on our memory, the landscape is coloured by the characters of the noble people who once called it their own, and who may still inhabit it. And as we look on many an old familiar scene, and think of the old life, of which there is now no trace there, though sometimes in its stead we discover deer forests and game preserves, and hills and glens where "all trespassers are liable to prosecution," where even a boy dare not gather a hazel-nut or bramble-berry, the landscape verily becomes sad and sombre in the extreme. Political economy commands me to admire the present if mere money is the test of true progress and prosperity; but memory makes it impossible for me to forget the living past; for "is not a man better than a sheep?"

"From Lochourn to Glenfinnan the grey mountains ranging,
Naught falls on the eye but the changed and the changing,
From the hut by the lochside, the farm by the river,
Macdonalds and Cameron pass—and for ever.

The flocks of one stranger the long glens are roaming,
Where a hundred bien homesteads smoked bonny at gloaming,
Our wee crofts run wild wi' the bracken and heather,
And our gables stand ruinous, bare to the weather.

It's plaintive in harvest, when lambs are a-spaining,
To hear the hills loud with ewe-mothers complaining—
Ah! sadder that cry comes from mainland and islands,
The sons of the Gael have no home in the Highlands."*

The power of association in affecting our appreciation of a Highland landscape has been very eloquently described in one of Lord Jeffrey's Essays. "Here," he says, alluding to Highland landscape, "we have lofty mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses,—tufted woods hung over precipices,—lakes intersected with castled promontories,—ample solitudes of unploughed and untrodden valleys,—nameless and gigantic ruins,—and mountain echoes repeating the scream of the eagle and the roar of the cataract. This, too, is beautiful; and, to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yet, lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of man and the suggestion of human feelings that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colours that compose its visible appearance are no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind than the forms and colours of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past, or the imaginary *inhabitants* of such a region, that alone gives it either interest or beauty; and the delight of those who behold it, will always be found to be in exact proportion to the force of their imaginations, and the warmth of their social affections. The leading impressions, here, are those of romantic seclusion, and primæval simplicity; lovers sequestered in these blissful solitudes, 'from towns and toils remote,' and rustic poets

* "Kilmahoe," by J. C. Shairp.

and philosophers communing with nature, and at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals; then there is the sublime impression of the Mighty Power which piled the massive cliffs upon each other, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base; and all the images connected with the monuments of ancient magnificence and extinguished hostility,—the feuds, and the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred; and the romantic ideas attached to their ancient traditions, and the peculiarities of the actual life of their descendants,—their wild and enthusiastic poetry,—their gloomy superstitions,—their attachment to their chiefs,—the dangers, and the hardships and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings,—their pastoral shielings on the mountains in summer,—and the tales and the sports that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in the winter. Add to all this, the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the language and the habits of the people, and on the cliffs, and caves, and gulfy torrents of the land; and the solemn and touching reflection, perpetually recurring, of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion, with all their toils and ambition; while nature holds on her unvarying course, and pours out her streams, and renews her forests, with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign."

Now to us, and possibly to such others as may read these lines, Highland Scenery is coloured by the character of the Highland people, whatever may be alleged—alleged truly—of their vanity, self-assertion and pride, we nevertheless boldly assert that they are the most intelligent peasants in the world; they are proud, but possess the self-respect of true gentlemen who can accept from the highest any condescending familiarity without producing vulgar presumption, and indulge in the frankness of their equality as human beings without ever forgetting, but gladly acknowledging, what is due to birth and breeding, most of all to ability and learning. As with these associations, whether just or not, yet true according to our own knowledge and belief, we gaze on the Highland landscape, how can it be else than appreciated as seen in the light cast on it by its people?

Once more, the music and poetry of the Highlands are characteristic of its scenery. Both are often joyous. Strangers know the noisy music only, to which they can dance, but do not profess to comprehend or to care for any other. The reel or the strathspey with their well-marked time, though played even on the bagpipe, is tolerated perhaps at a ball, but has to them no other associations. To us they express the hilarity and social gladness of the people. Of their poetry few, if any, besides themselves know anything or care anything. And yet how rich and beautiful it is! We have often regretted that no one has been found fully competent, from his Celtic knowledge and feeling, along with a sufficient amount of culture, to do justice to the Anthology of the Highlands. There are love-songs without number, many of them of exquisite beauty and tenderness; shearing songs, "waulking" songs; drinking songs, with no echo of debauchery in them; and above all, boat songs, which, we venture to say, are unsurpassed in any language. There are poems, too, which are the genuine products of an enthusiastic love of Nature in all her moods and seasons, manifesting the nicest and most delicate perception of her forms and varied beauties. There are songs for the fisher, and for the "hunter on the hill." And

though the language locks these up from the inspection of "the literary world" they are treasured in the hearts of the people. Our northern climate has been a nurse of this poetry. Our rain, and storms, and long winte· nights have thus forced the people to gather round the blazing peat fire as their only concert room and theatre. The reasons, exhilirating the Celtic spirit, have thus developed the talent in every parish to comply with the common rule, enunciated with glee on such occasions,—"Sing a song, tell a story, hold the light, or go out." We must confess our deep regret in passing, that a religious Pharisaism, in certain influential quarters, sets its face against song or story, bag-pipe or fiddle. When lately asking an old Highlander in Lochaber to give us some tales of the past, he replied, with a sadness mingled with tears for his indulging in what seemed a sinful regret:—"Fiddles, bagpipes, tales and songs are all forbidden here now! But if they are sinful," (which, be it said to his credit, he never believed), "I have been myself a great sinner!" Yet the poetry characteristic of the Highlands is unquestionably Ossian, and the music—the bag-pipe!

Ossian is the very embodiment of Highland Scenery—vast, misty, tender, and melancholy. Everything is vague and indefinite—Nature is all in all. Human beings melt into thin air. The battles of the Ossianic heroes are like the conflicts of thunder-clouds; their spears are as beams of light; their noise of combat as that of roaring stream or dashing wave; the resting-places of the dead are almost as quiet as the dead themselves: the grey cairn, the dreary moorland, solitary oak or blasted pine. The spirits of departed heroes, in Ossian, shape themselves into the mist that wreathes the precipices or that rises in columns like ranks of embattled hosts among the crags. Wonderful is its refinement as to the lovers it describes; they are as ethereal as sunbeams, pure as the fountain discovered by the lapwing. No southern clime could have produced Ossian. He is the child of the Western Highlands—a very embodiment of its characteristic scenery.

Let us hear what one of the greatest living critics says regarding Ossian:—"The Celts," writes Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his delightful volume On the Study of Celtic Literature, "with their vehement reaction against the despotism of fact, with their sensuous nature, their manifold striving, their adverse destiny, their immense calamities, the Celts are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion—of this Titanism in poetry. A famous book, Macpherson's 'Ossian,' carried in the last century this vein like a flood of lava through Europe. I am not going to criticise Macpherson's 'Ossian' here. Make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious, in the book as large as you please; strip Scotland, if you like, of every feather of borrowed plumes which on the strength of Macpherson's 'Ossian' she may have stolen from that *vetus et major Scotia*, the true home of the Ossianic poetry, Ireland; I make no objection. But there will still be left in the book a residue with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven, and echoing Sora, and Selma with its silent halls!—we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us! Choose any one of the better passages in Macpherson's 'Ossian' and you can see even at this time of day what an apparition of newness and power such a strain must have been to the eighteenth century:—

"'I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round her head. Raise the song of mourning, O bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us, for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. Let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day.'"

But if the poetry of Ossian is the genuine product of the Highlands, equally so, as we have already remarked, is the music of the bagpipe. We are quite aware of the smile which this assertion will cause some of our readers. Many will feel it to be as incongruous as to assert that the scenery of the Alps is associated with the alpine horn, or of classical Italy, with the Calabrian bagpipe. To mitigate the supposed censure, let us state the following fact:—

A friend of ours, who was once appointed by the Highland Society of Scotland as one of the judges to decide the prizes awarded by it to the best piper, at one of their annual competitions, invited a German, with whom he had become accidentally acquainted at the Hotel, but whose name was unknown, to a seat in the judges' box at the Theatre, where he could best hear our national music. The stranger gladly accepted the invitation. During the competition he seemed deeply interested, and was engaged in taking down musical notes. After the competition was over he turned to our friend and said to his gratification, "You have no idea how this has interested me! That is truly a national music, and well worthy of serious attention;" and giving his card, my friend was surprised and gratified in seeing on it the name of "Felix Mendelssohn."

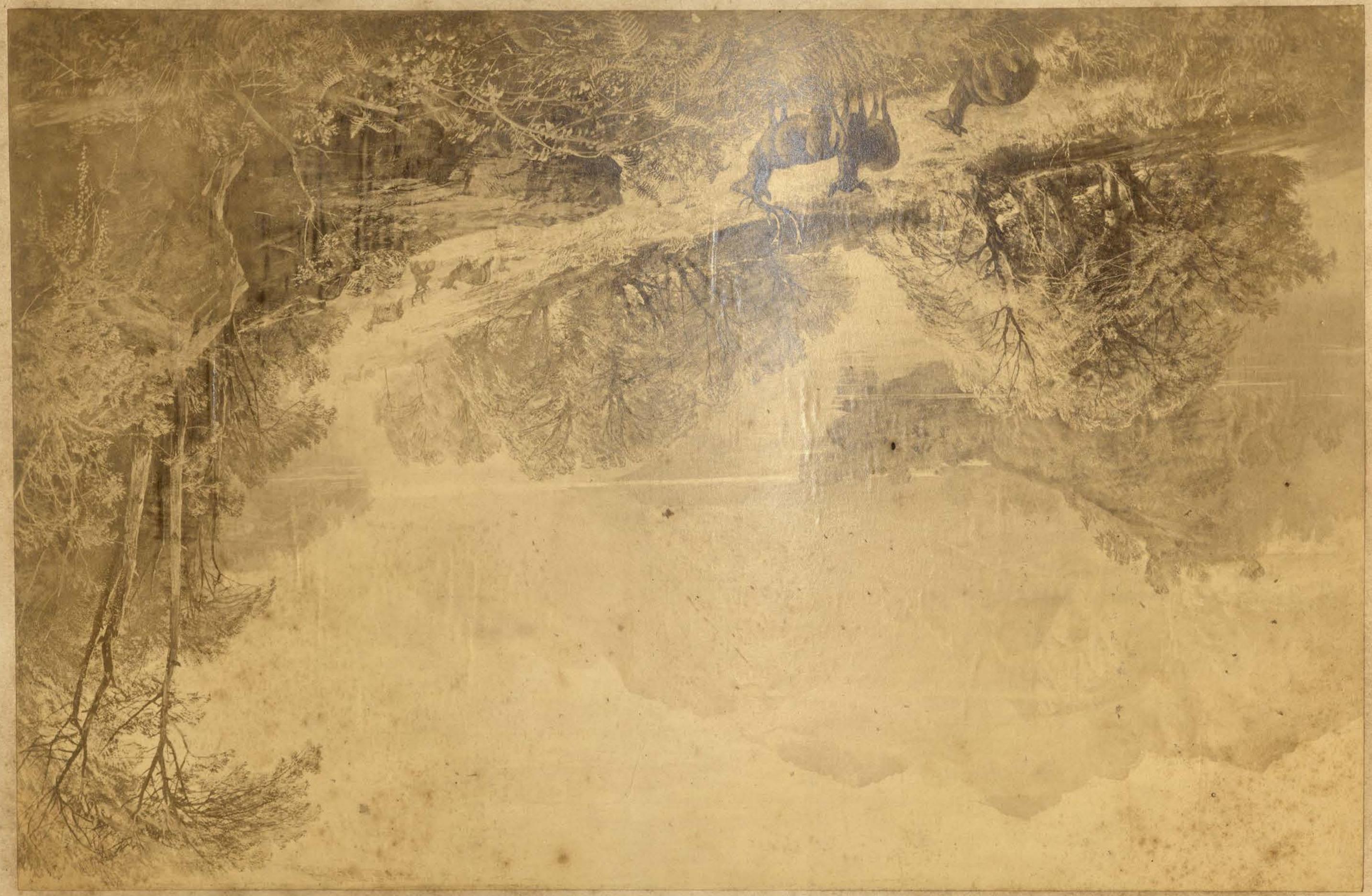
When we speak of the Bagpipe we mean the great war-pipe, played not by the wretched half-gipsy performers who presume to finger it; but by that personification of dignity—pardon the expression—the genuine piper, whose slow and measured tread and erect bearing, combine to express his earnest love for, and his sense of the dignity of his calling. The music, moreover, we assume to be the pibroch only. We call the pibroch "music" just as we would that of the music of the midnight storm as it roars through the pine-forest, or the screams of the blast among the mountain peaks, or the music of the crested sea-wave as it thunders on the rocky shore. The bagpipe is the instrument adopted for the gathering of the clans in the great glen, or for playing at the bow of the birlin of the chief, as it beats against the western gale; or for leading a regiment to the attack amidst the roar of battle. Its music is employed to express a welcome to the chief on his return to his clan—to wail out a lament for him as he is borne by his people to the old burial place in the glen, or in the sainted Isle of Graves; or to nerve and inspire the clan in the day of conflict; or to pour forth a wail of sorrow for the slain. And, to those who understand the carefully composed structure of its music, there is a pathos and depth of feeling suggested by it which a Highlander alone can fully sympathize with; associated too, as it always is, with the most touching memories of his home and country. It summons up both before his inward eye. It revives the faces and forms of the departed. It opens up panoramas of Mountain, Loch, and Glen. And thus if it excites the stranger to laughter, it excites the Highlander to tears, as no other music can do, in spite of the most refined culture of after years.

It is thus that what appears to strangers to be a tedious and unmeaning monotony in the music of the genuine pibroch, is not so to one under the magic influence of Highland associations. There is, indeed, in every pibroch a certain monotone of sorrow. It pervades even the "welcome," as if the chief who comes recalls the memory of the chief who is gone. In the "lament" we naturally expect this sadness. But even the "summons to battle," with all its fire and energy, cannot conceal what it seems already to anticipate, the sorrow for the slain on the field of the dead. In every reduplication of the hurried notes, and the repetition of the one idea, are expressions of vehement passion, and of the sorrow which ever broods upon its own loss, now or anticipated, and ever returns to the one desolate thought of loss which fills the heart, and which in the end of the pibroch repeats the agonizing cry with which it began. The pibroch is a wail for the dead and vanished; a lament for "an age of chivalry and song, which have 'passed away' on their dark wings from Morven." All this will, no doubt, seem both meaningless and extravagant to many. But it is nevertheless a deliberately expressed conviction. The characteristic poetry of the Highlands is Ossian,—its music the pibroch. And these "two voices" sound the praises of the land of the Mountain and the Flood.

We take our leave of our readers and our theme, craving the kind indulgence from the one for the very imperfect manner in which we have treated the other. But we are glad to have had this opportunity given to us of recalling some of the features of those scenes in the dear old country of our youth and of our happiest days

> 'How should'st thou prove aught else than dear, and holy
> To me, who from thy lakes and mountain rills,
> Thy cloud, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and trees,
> Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
> All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
> All adoration of the God in Nature,
> All lovely and all honourable things,
> Whatever makes this moral spirit feel
> The joy and greatness of its future being.
> There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
> Unborrow'd from my country!"

L 32



GLEN OGLE.

"WE came to a small lake, I think amidst the wildest and finest scenery we had yet seen. Glen Ogle, which is a sort of pass, putting one in mind of the prints of the Kyber Pass, the road going for some way down hill and up hill, through these very high mountains, and the escort in front looking like mere specks from the great height."—*Our Life in the Highlands.*

WE can perhaps see this Glen to the greatest advantage from a point some distance up the Pass, looking southwards; in the distance is seen the upper part of Loch Earn, backed by a grand group of hills, surmounted by the lofty summits of Benvoirlich. The valley has been well described by Campbell: "It is narrow, and a mountain stream, collected from a hundred more, which in times of heavy rain run down the furrowed steeps of the Glen, crawls along a deep chasm till the lake receives it. The rugged sides of Glen Ogle exhibit horrible marks of recent and former convulsions of the earth. As we advance into this narrow wild, on either hand we behold rocks, whose cloven summits, high overhead, hang in sullen aspect, and seem ready to start into shivers and overwhelm the traveller, who sees no way of avoiding the threatened destruction. This illusion is heightened on observing on our right huge piles but lately rolled down the brow of that precipice, strewed in every direction, and of infinite dimensions, from the smallest splinter to fragments of immense bulk, all tumbled together with wildest disorder."

25

LOCH EARN.

"WE passed along Loch Earn, which is a very beautiful long lake skirted by high mountains, but is not as long or so large as Loch Tay. Just as we turned, and went by St. Fillan's, the view of the lake was very fine. There is a large detached rock with rich verdure on it, which is very striking." *Our Life in the Highlands.*

THIS view is taken from the foot of the Lake, with the beautiful Village of St. Fillan's on the right hand, and further up on the same side are the mountains named the Braes of Balquidder, in the valley of which may be seen the grave of the celebrated Rob Roy. There are few Scottish lakes more worthy of a visit than Loch Earn. Its shores thoughout, for at least half a mile inland, are clothed with thriving copse and brushwood, creating continual changes of the scenery, and a succession of the most picturesque and romantic views. Beyond these woods, on every side, hills and mountains arise, piercing the clouds with their lofty summits, adding grandeur and sublimity to the scene. Looking from either end of the lake, the view is peculiarly magnificent. The whole valley can be seen at once with its enormous vista of mountains enclosing all around—the transparent lake which forms its glassy centre, and the beautiful fringing of wood with which the base of the mountains and the shores of the lake are adorned.

The Loch is about seven miles in length, and one mile in breadth. About half-way between is Ardvoirlich, the Darlinvaroch of the "Legend of Montrose."

L7

DUNKELD, BRIDGE AND CATHEDRAL.

THE peeps of Dunkeld with the River Tay deep in the bottom, and the view of the Bridge, and Cathedral surrounded by the high wooded hills, as you approached it were lovely in the extreme. . . . Such a charming view from the window of the Inn where we stopped. . . . We walked into the Ruins of the old Cathedral, and into that part which the late Duke fitted up for service, and where there is a fine Monument of him.

Our Life in the Highlands.

FEW places, even in the Highlands of Scotland, produce so striking an effect as Dunkeld when first seen on emerging from the Pass of Birnam, nor does it owe this more to the suddenness of the view, or to its contrast with the long preceding blank, than to its own intrinsic beauty, to its magnificent bridge, and its Cathedral nestling among its dark woody hills, to its noble river, and to the brilliant profusion of rich ornament. The whole place has a singular air of romantic grandeur, derived from its wild situation, the remains of antiquity around it, and the soothing gloom of its fine woods, which abound in weeping birch, drooping its pensive branches, and sighing to every wind. These are contrasted by large solemn firs, that stand unmoved in sullen dignity amidst the fury of contending elements.

The banks of the mountain stream Braan, which joins the Tay nearly opposite to Dunkeld, present some of the most striking scenery connected with the place. Craigrinean and Craig-y-Barns rise above the valley, and clothed to their summits with trees of every species, form picturesque and varied outlines and splendid masses of light and shade.

When Iona was ravaged by the Danes, the primacy resided for some time at Dunkeld; but was afterwards transferred to St. Andrew's. The old monastery was converted into a cathedral by David the First.

29

THE FALLS OF BRUAR.

AFTER our luncheon at half past three, Albert drove me (Lord Glenlyon riding with us) to *The Falls of Bruar*. We got out at the road, and walked to the upper falls, and down again by the path on the opposite side. It is a walk of three miles round, and a very steep ascent, at every turn the view of the rushing falls is extremely fine, and looking back on the hills, which were so clear and so beautifully lit up, with the rapid stream below, was most exquisite."—*Our Life in the Highlands.*

AFTER leaving Blair the first object of interest is a chasm in the hill on the right hand, through which the little river Bruar falls in a series of beautiful cascades. Formerly the falls were unadorned by wood; but the poet Burns, being conducted to see them (September, 1787), after visiting the Duke of Athole, recommended that they should be invested with that necessary decoration; accordingly trees have been thickly planted along the chasm, and are now far advanced to maturity. Throughout this young forest a walk has been cut, and a number of fantastic little grottos erected for the convenience of those who visit the spot. The river not only makes several distinct falls, but rushes on through a channel, whose roughness and haggard sublimity add greatly to the merits of the scene, as an object of interest among tourists.

"Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, although I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'rin trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes.
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen monie a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty, idle care:
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms,
To screen the dear embrace.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn."

BURNS.

PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

AT a quarter to four o'clock we drove out, Albert driving me and the ladies, and Lord Glenlyon following in another carriage. We drove to the *Pass of Killiecrankie*, which looked in its greatest beauty and splendour, and appeared quite closed, so that one could not imagine how one was to get out of it. We drove over a bridge to the right, where the view of the Pass both ways, with the *Garry* below is beautiful." . . . "The Battle of Killiecrankie was fought in a field to your left as you come from Blair, and before you come to the Pass; and Lord Dundee was shot in a garden immediately above the field at Urrard."—*Our Life in the Highlands.*

ABOUT five miles south of this stronghold (Blair Castle), the Valley of the Garry contracts itself into the celebrated Pass of Killiecrankie. "At present," says Lord Macaulay, in his fine description of the Battle of Killiecrankie, "a highway, as smooth as any road in Middlesex, ascends gently from the low country to the summit of the defile. White villas peep from the Birch Forest, and on a fine summer day there is scarcely a turn of the Pass at which may not be seen some angler casting his fly on the foam of the river, some artist sketching a pinnacle of rocks, or some party of pleasure banqueting on the turf, in the fretwork of shade and sunshine. But in the days of William III. Killiecrankie was mentioned with horror by the peaceful and industrious inhabitants of the Perthshire lowlands. It was deemed the most perilous of all those dark ravines through which the marauders of the hills were wont to sally forth. The sound, so musical to modern ears, of the river brawling around the mossy rocks and among the smooth pebbles, the dark masses of crag and verdure worthy of the pencil of Wilson, the fantastic peaks bathed, at sunrise and sunset, with light rich as that which glows on the canvas of Claude, suggested to our ancestors thoughts of murderous ambuscades, and of bodies stripped, gashed, and abandoned to the birds of prey."

TAYMOUTH CASTLE AND LOCH.

AT a quarter to six we reached Taymouth. At the gate a guard of Highlanders, Lord Breadalbane's men, met us. Taymouth lies in a valley surrounded by very high wooded hills; it is most beautiful. The house is a kind of castle built of granite. The *coup-d'œil* was indescribable. There were a number of Lord Breadalbane's Highlanders, all in the Campbell tartan, drawn up in front of the house, with Lord Breadalbane himself in a Highland dress at their head, a few of Sir Neil Menzies' men (in the Menzies red and white tartan), a number of pipers playing, and a company of the 92nd Highlanders also in kilts. The firing of the guns, the cheering of the great crowd, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the beauty of the surrounding country, with its rich background of wooded hills, altogether formed one of the finest scenes imaginable. It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times was receiving his sovereign. It was princely and romantic."

Our Life in the Highlands.

A LITTLE to the left of Taymouth Castle we see Drummond Hill, at the foot of which lies the village of Kenmore; in the distance towers the lofty hill of Ben Lawers. The Castle stands on an extensive flat of greensward of the closest texture and liveliest green, around the northern side of which the Tay makes one large, bold sweep. A long bridge gives access to the northern bank of the river. "Eastwards, as far as the pleasure grounds extend," says Sir T. D. Lauder, in his Memorials of the Royal Progress "the woods, composed chiefly of giganitc oaks, rise from a most picturesque assemblage of knolls, intervening hollws and ravines, intermixed with fairy glades, affording a thousand pictures for the artist. . . . . The sparkling fallow deer, or the more sober-coloured but majestic royal red stag, with his herd of hinds, are seen to glance along the sun-streaked sward or to pass leisurely amidst the shadows of the deeper recesses of the woodland."

Burns seems to have been intensely impressed by the beauty and poetic scenery.

"Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
The abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till famed Breadalbane opens on my view.
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
The outstretching lake, imbosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on its verdant side;
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village glittering in the noon-tide beam.

* * * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods.

35

LOCH KATRINE WITH ELLEN'S ISLE,

FROM THE SILVER STRAND.

BUT scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow-twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched the silver strand
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake
To view this Lady of the Lake."

Lady of the Lake.

THIS view is taken from the Upper Trosachs, looking towards the Island, with the grand rugged mountain Benvenue towering behind. In the foreground is "The beach of pebbles bright as snow," where Fitz-James was supposed to have stood and watched Helen Douglas row from the rocky islet in her little skiff. It was to this island that the women and children of the Clan Alpine were brought for safety from the Scottish troops, under the Earls of Mar and Moray.

Ellen's Isle possesses great beauty of its own, apart from the interest it derives from Sir Walter Scott's celebrated poem. It is curious to reflect that it was to an incident in his professional business that Scott owed his introduction to the scenery of Loch Katrine, to which he has added an undying and romantic interest. It was his allotted task to enforce the execution of a legal instrument against some Maclarens, refractory tenants of Stewart of Appin, brother-in-law to Invernahyle. "An escort of a sergeant and six men," he says in his introduction to Rob Roy, "was obtained from a Highland regiment lying in Stirling, and the author, then a writer's apprentice, equivalent to the honourable situation of an attorney's clerk, was invested with the superintendence of the expedition, with directions to see that the messenger discharged his duty fully, and that the gallant sergeant did not exceed his part by committing violence or plunder."

37

GLEN LYON.

WE took a most beautiful drive, first of all along part of the lake and between the hills—such thorough mountain scenery—and with little huts so low, so full of peat smoke, that one could hardly see anything for smoke. We saw Ben Lawers, which is said to be four thousand feet high, very well; and further on, quite in the distance, Ben More; also the Glen Lyon and the River Lyon, and many fine glens."—*Our Life in the Highlands.*

GLEN LYON is situated on the west side of Loch Tay, between Drummond Hill and Ben Lawers, and the view here given is taken from a point near the entrance of the Glen, where the mountain barriers approach so closely as to leave but a space of some ten or twelve yards for the passage of the river. The scene is wild, rugged, and grand, softened by the trees that cover the lower part of the hills to the water's edge. Further on, the glen expands, though seldom above a furlong in breadth. Though, however, so narrow, it is one of the longest glens in Scotland, being about thirty miles in length. From the close proximity of the mountains, some of them exceeding three thousand feet in height, the Glen lies in deep shadow during the winter months, and for a portion of every day in the year; still the valley is of great pastoral beauty, and its green hill-sides are covered with sheep. In fine contrast to the furrowed water-courses and lonely ravines of the mountains are spots covered with blooming heather or crowned with the graceful birch, the queen of Scottish woods, "Then," says Miss Sinclair, alluding to the whole Glen, "comes an old ruin hiding its decay in wreaths of ivy and roses; next appears a smiling village; afterwards a long colonnade of superb plane or ash trees; then a thriving farm; here and there a church."

The treacherous and unscrupulous Colonel Campbell, who commanded the military at the Massacre of Glencoe, was Laird of Glen Lyon; and it is believed by the Highlanders that the "curse of God and of Glencoe," still rests on all descendants of Campbell of Glen Lyon.

39

ROSSLYN CASTLE AND GLEN.

FROM Rosslyn we then drove to Hawthornden, which is also beautifully situated at a great height above the river. We got out, and went into some of the very curious caves in the solid rock, where Sir Alexander Ramsay and his brave followers concealed themselves and held out for so long a time. The Duchess (of Buccleuch) told us there were many of these caves all along the river to Rosslyn." *Our Life in the Highlands.*

ROSSLYN CASTLE stands on an isolated rock, richly wooded, projecting like a promontory towards the deep chasm of the River North Esk, and cut off from the neighbouring high ground by a narrow ravine, over which there is a bridge of great height. The river here makes a grand sweep around the base of the promontory, and then throws itself into a wild rocky gorge, through which it fights its way in a series of rapids, alternating with deep pools. The Gaelic name of *Ross*, a promontory, and *lyn*, a deep abyss, accurately designates the situation of the building. The ruin, though only a portion of the original building, contains a number of apartments, some of these most curiously cut out of the rock. The whole surrounding scenery is enchanting, and the more so, that it is intimately associated with Scottish song. Sir W. Scott, in " The Lay of the Last Minstrel," has alluded to the superstition connected with Rosslyn Chapel.

" O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply."

" The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, Lord St. Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the Three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, &c., Knight of the Cockle, and of the Garter (as is affirmed), High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the Castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of architecture. . . . . .

" It is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer in his ' Theatrum Scotiæ,' is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian dominions. The tomb-fires of the North are mentioned in most of the Sagas."

41

FALLS OF TUMMEL.

WE got out a little beyond this, (the Pass of Killiecrankie,) and walked on a mile to the Falls of Tummel, the stream of which is famous for salmon; these Falls, however, are not so fine, or nearly so high, as those of the Bruar. We got home at half-past six; the day was fast fading, and the lights were lovely."—*Our Life in the Highlands.*

NEAR the junction of the Rivers Tummel and Garry is situated this graceful Fall, and an Obelisk here placed commemorates the Visit of Her Majesty in 1844. "It is a peculiar and rare merit in the Cascade of the Tummel," says Dr. MacCulloch, in his Highlands and Western Islands, "that it is beautiful in itself, and almost without the aid of its accompaniments. Though the water breaks white almost throughout, the forms are so graceful, so varied, and so well marked, that we can look at it long without being wearied with monotony, and without attending to the surrounding landscapes. Whether low or full, whether the River glides transparent over the rocks, to burst in foam below, or whether it descends like a torrent of snow from the very edge, this Fall is always various, and always graceful. The rocks and trees, however, are no less beautiful and appropriate, and the general landscape is, at the same time, rich and romantic; nothing being left to desire, to render this one of the most brilliant scenes which our country produces."

Well may we say of this Fall, in the words of Clough, that it is—

"Beautiful, most of all where beads of foam uprising
Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate hue of the stillness,
Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendent birch boughs."

43

LOCH TUMMEL, LOOKING EAST.

AT a quarter past eight o'clock we started, and were very sorry to leave Blair, and the dear Highlands. Every little trifle and every spot I had become attached to; our life of quiet and liberty, everything was so pleasant, and all the Highlanders and people who went with us I had got to like so much. Oh, the dear hills, it made me very sad to leave them behind."—*Our Life in the Highlands.*

THE aspect of this Lake, as seen from the west end, has been well described by Mr. Leighton: "The tourist ascending by the banks of the River Tummel, through the apparently endless mountain pass, pauses in silent astonishment; the beautiful Lake has at once burst upon his view. It is as if a curtain had been drawn, and the beauties it concealed displayed. The rocky pass, the ever-changing woods which hang over and around him, have at once disappeared, and a magnificent green vale, embosoming a lovely lake, glittering with trees, houses, and cultivation, is before him. The noble form of Schehallion closes up the view with a bright river washing its base, which wanders through verdant meadows, seeking the Lake in whose waters this scene of enchantment is reflected."

Schehallion is said to have afforded shelter to Robert Bruce after the battle of Methven.

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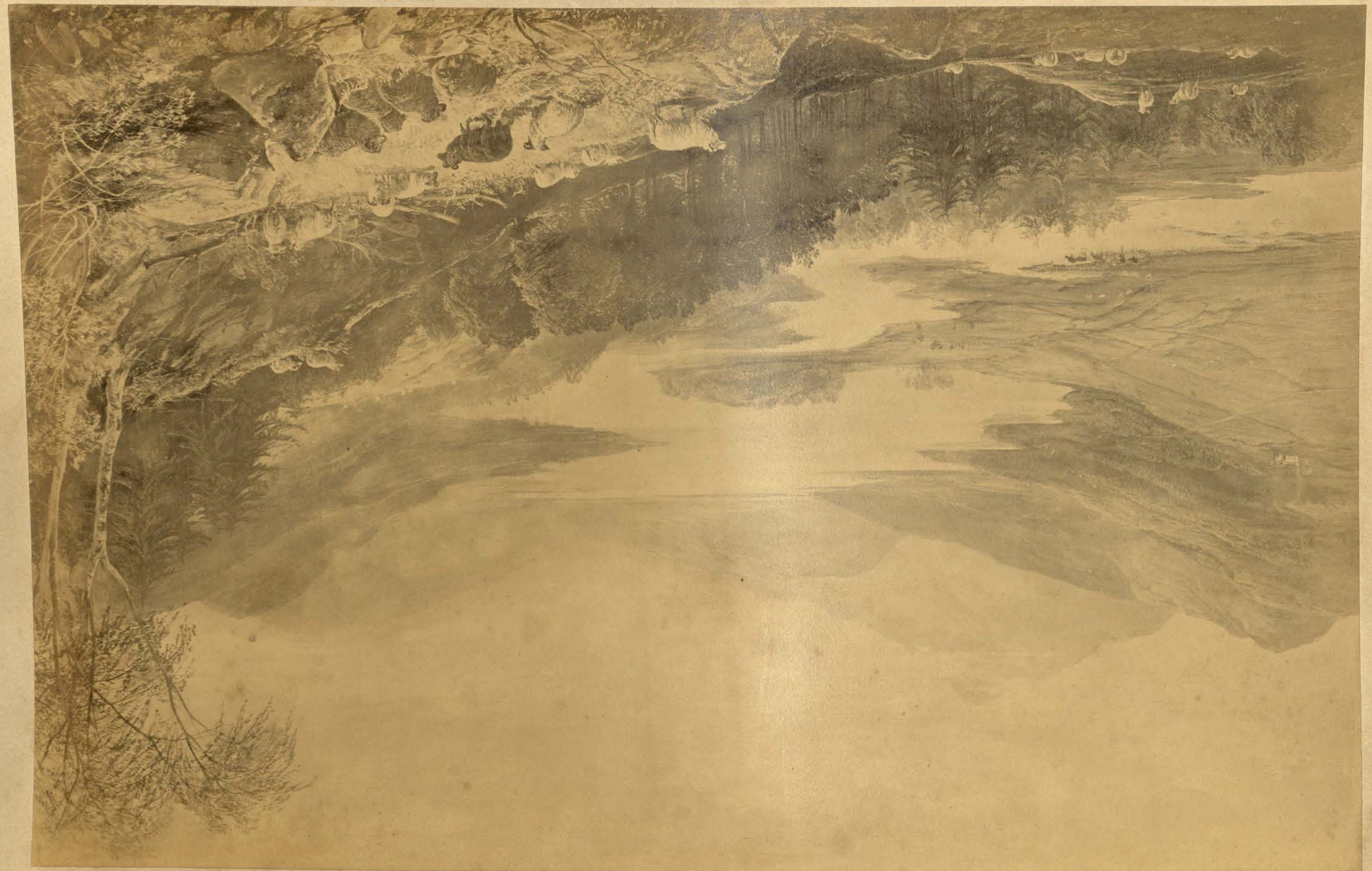

THE FALLS (OR LINN) OF MUICH.

AT ten o'clock we set off, with Lady Douro in our carriage, and drove on beyond *Inch Bobbard*, changing horses near Birkhall and stopping for a moment at *the Linn of Muich*, here we found the ponies, which we mounted, forded the river, and were almost immediately at the hut. . . . On our journey homewards we came straight down beside the Muich, which falls in the most beautiful way over the rocks and stones in the Glen."—*Our Life in the Highlands.*

THIS very fine Fall is situated about five miles from Ballater, on the River Muich, from which the great body of water comes thundering over the precipice from a height of fifty feet into the deep black pool beneath. Viewing it from below, the appearance of the headlong and tumultuous mass of water is very imposing; while high up on either side the precipitous rocks are luxuriantly clothed with splendid trees, the tops of the large old firs "pencilled on the sky." The combinations of fine woods and grand old rocks are always pleasant to the eye; but when the river is in full flood it is still more so, and the scene is truly imposing; all other sounds are then drowned in the great roar of the torrent.

It was perhaps the memory of this Linn that made Byron, who traces all his enjoyment of mountain scenery to the impression made on him by the Highlands, write, when on classic ground—

"The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland Linns with Castalie's clear fount."

LOCH MUICH, BY MOONLIGHT.

THE Scenery is beautiful here, so wild and grand—real severe Highland Scenery, with trees in the hollow. . . . . The moon rose, and was beautifully reflected on the lake, which, with its steep green hills, looked lovely. To add to the beauty, poetry, and wildness of the scene, Coutts played in the boat, the men, who row very quickly and well now, giving an occasional shout when he played a reel. It reminded me of Sir Walter Scott's lines in "The Lady of the Lake:"—

"Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud,
At first the sound, by distance tame,
Mellow'd along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wail'd every harsher note away."

Our Life in the Highlands.

LOCH MUICH (or the Lake of Sorrow) by Moonlight, with "The Hut" in the distance. The Loch extends a considerable length, and the scenery is somewhat sombre and dreary; hence, probably, its name. In certain places, especially at the head of the Loch, the scenery is magnificent; and the deep glens and ravines which surround the Loch are richly covered with alder, birch, and ash trees, growing down to the water's edge. While high above, from the hills behind the "Hut," may be seen the frowning precipices of Loch-na-gar "the jewel of all the mountains here."

It was in this neighbourhood that Lord Byron, as a child, first learned to note the beauties of nature.

"Ah, there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional glory,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-gar."

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LOCH LEVEN AT BALLACHULISH FERRY,

AND ENTRANCE TO THE PASS OF GLENCOE.

FROM Loch Linnhe we entered Loch Eil, and passed the entrance of Loch Leven to the right, at the end of which is Glencoe, so famous for its beautiful scenery and for the horrible massacre of the Macdonalds in William III.'s time." *Our Life in the Highlands.*

FROM the north shore of the Loch, whence this view is taken, tourists are ferried over to the entrance of Glencoe. The dark valley of the Glen is always impressive, but shows to the greatest advantage when the shifting clouds roll over the mountain range, and cast their shadows athwart the deep water-courses which furrow the Alpine heights. A modern writer and painter (Philip Hamerton) has given an exquisite description of the grand beauty of Glencoe. He says: "The scenery of Glencoe approaches nearer to the stony Arabian landscape than any other scenery in Scotland, for the mountains have a barren strength and steepness which remind one continually of the stone buttresses of Sinai . . . . I was fortunate in seeing Glencoe for the first time under a noble and mysterious effect, for the whole air was full of mystery. Far below us stretched a valley that was full of supernatural vastness, whose entrance was guarded on the one hand by a wall of precipices, and on the other by a domed tower of solid granite, huge and pale in the misty air. This dome gleamed all over with purple and green, changing continually. It was covered with a network of irregular, fantastic decorations, a wild arabesque of faint rose colour, paler than the pale green ground it was laid upon. This enchanted dome was a solid rock, far higher than St. Paul's, and its mosaic of purple and green and rose colour, was only the little patches of short grass, and red, dry channels of a thousand streams and purple steps of precipice."

"O tell me, harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?

No, not to these, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloaked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than southron clemency.

Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
'Revenge for blood and treachery!'"

SIR W. SCOTT.

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